

The Musical World.

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VOL. 44—No. 47.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

Prices { 4d. Unstamped.
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—EIGHTH SATURDAY CONCERT.—Mlle. Linley Galiani and Mlle. Drasill (their first appearance), Mr. Santley. Solo Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Conductor, Mr. Mann.

Programme includes Beethoven's Symphony in A (No. 7); Schumann's Overture, "Genoëva;" and a new Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra, composed by Mr. Arthur Sullivan expressly for Signor Piatti.
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HERR LOUIS ENGEL begs to announce his return to Town for the Season. Herr ENGEL will give HARMONIUM RECITALS in November in London, and in the first week of December in Brighton and Hastings. Pupils desirous to join his HARMONIUM CLASSES to address Herr ENGEL, at his residence in London, 31, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

RANDEGGER'S TRIO, "THE MARINERS" ("I NAVIGANTI"), will be sung THIS DAY (Nov. 24th), at Glasgow, by MADAME PATEY-WHYTOCK, MR. W. H. CUMMINGS, and MR. PATEY.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF begs to announce that she has returned from her Professional Tour in Germany, and that she will sing in Wigan, Dec. 5th; Birmingham, 6th; Chilton, 24th; Manchester, 25th; Edinburgh, 26th; Leicester, Jan. 1st; Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Utrecht, and the Hague, Jan. 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th. Letters respecting engagements and lessons in singing to be addressed to 15, Marlborough Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MADAME MARTORELLI-GARCIA and SIGNOR GARCIA will sing HENRY SMART's admired Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA," at their Concerts at Liverpool next week.

MADAME GORDON will sing GUGLIELMO's popular Ballad, "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," at Croydon, Nov. 26th.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER will sing "THE FAIRY'S WHISPER" (composed by HENRY SMART), at Preston, Dec. 12th.

MADAME RABY BARRETT (Soprano) requests that all applications respecting engagements for Concerts, Lessons, &c., be addressed to her, 2, Nottingham Place, York Gate, Regent's Park.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing, 28th inst., at Mr. George Bainbridge's Concert, Westbourne Hall, and Mr. Edwin Gray's Concert, Whittington Hall; Dec. 1st, Liverpool Philharmonic Society; 10th, Mrs. John Macfarren's Concert, Bury St. Edmunds; Dec. 28th, Myddleton Hall, Barnsbury; Jan. 9th, Manor Rooms, Hackney; 22nd, Newbury; March 13th, Tonbridge; and can accept engagements en route.
19, Newman Street, W.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing the Variations on "CHERRY RIPE" (composed expressly for her), at Brighton, 29th; Southsea, 30th; Edinburgh, Dec. 8th; Islington, Jan. 3rd; Russell Institute, Feb. 20th; and at every concert engagement during the ensuing season.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT's Popular Variations on "THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE," at Whittington Hall, Nov. 26th.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN will play ASCHER's Transcription on "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and STEPHEN HALLER's "LA FEUILLE" and "TARANTELE," No. 2, at the Concert in Aid of the Band Fund of the Corps of the Authors' Fourth Middlesex Volunteer Artillery, at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Monday evening, the 26th instant.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "HARK! THE BELLS ARE RINGING" (by HENRY SMART), at Chelsea, Dec. 7th.

THE MDLLES. EMILIE and CONSTANCE GEORGI have the honour to announce their return to London. All communications to be addressed to them, 74, Harley Street, W.; or care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAIVSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI requests that all communications relative to Operatic or Concert Engagements be addressed to her at Messrs. DUNCAN DAIVSON and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street; or to her residence, 28, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.

MDLLE. IDA GILLIESS, Prima Donna from the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, has returned to Town. For terms for Concerts or Opera, apply to Mr. JOHN BLAGROVE, 32, Langham Street.

MR. OBERTHÜR will play his Harp Solos, "THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER" and "LA CASCADE," at Bournemouth, Nov. 28th. For engagements, address Mr. OBERTHÜR, 7, Talbot Terrace, Westbourne Park, W.; or care of Messrs. D. DAIVSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. J. ASCHER, Pianist to the Empress of the French, begs to announce that he is in Town for the Season. All communications respecting Lessons, &c., to be addressed to the care of Messrs. SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street.

MR. HOHLER, Principal Tenor of Her Majesty's Theatre. All communications, for Concerts and Oratorios, for Mr. HOHLER to be made to Mr. JARRETT, Her Majesty's Theatre.

MR. PATEY will sing "THE MESSAGE FROM THE DEEP" (a New Song, composed expressly for him by Mr. EMIL BERNER), every evening during his Provincial Tour, with Mr. LAMB.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. 199, Euston Road, N.W., where he is prepared to resume his instruction in VOCAL MUSIC, and give finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.

MR. KING HALL having completed his studies at the Royal Academy of Music, under the superintendence of the most eminent masters, requests that all communications, respecting Lessons on the Pianoforte, Harmony, and Composition, also engagements for Concerts and Soirées, be sent to his residence, No. 199, Euston Road, N.W.

MR. LEONARD WALKER, Bass Vocalist, is open to engagements for Concerts, Private Parties, &c.; also for teaching English and Italian Singing on moderate terms. No fee for trying voices on Tuesdays and Fridays, between the hours of 11 and 1 a.m., at his residence, 23, Carlton Road, Kensington Park, two minutes from Westbourne Park Station.

MR. TRELAWNY COBHAM will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Whittington Hall, November 28.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Hanover Square Rooms, Tuesday, Nov. 27.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and "THE MESSAGE," at Canterbury, Nov. 26th.

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31. — NEAPOLITAN (Io ti voglio ben assaje).
32. DEH VIENI ALLA FINESTRA (Don Juan).
33. NON PIU ANDRAI (Nozze).
34. BATTI, BATTI (Don Juan).
35. VOLKSLIED (Mendelssohn).
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47. MINUETTO (Mozart's G minor Symphony).
48. ANDANTE (Beethoven's Fifth Symphony).
49. PRAYER (Rossini).
50. CARNIVAL OF VENICE (Engel).

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A VISIT TO THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AT NAPLES.*

It was very important for me to become acquainted with the long-celebrated school of Music in Naples. While in Rome, I obtained a letter of recommendation to the professor of the violin at the institution in question, Signor Pinto, who has, also, to play in Naples generally the part of first violinist, or, as we say in Germany, *Concertmeister*. I fancied that, thus provided, I should easily obtain admission to the school. But the matter was attended with especial difficulties. In the first place, Sig. Pinto was nowhere to be found, a very characteristic trait, it struck me, of Neapolitan life. I went to the Teatro S. Carlo, to enquire of the hall-keeper the artist's address, as I knew Sig. Pinto was attached to the establishment. The hall-keeper intimated to me, in a kindly and compassionate tone, that I should have some trouble in presenting my letter, "for," he said, "you will not find Sig. Pinto at home. You may, however, come across him at Cafisch's *pasticceria*, in the Toledo," (the principal street of Naples), "for, as a rule, he looks in two or three times a-day." My laudable attempt to catch the much desired violinist there, was, however, not crowned with success. Somewhat dispirited, I returned to my friend the hall-keeper at San Carlo, and begged him to put me in the way of pouncing upon Sig. Pinto somehow or other. "Oh," replied he, very sensibly, "go to the Conservatory during the time the Professor is delivering his lesson there." He told me, also, the exact hours when the object of my search was engaged in his professional duties, and I took advantage of the first morning at my disposal to carry out my purpose. On entering the precincts of the Conservatory, which is located in the Franciscan Monastery of S. Pietro a Majella, I was astonished by a scene which produced upon me an effect as unusual as truly comic. In a spacious corridor, between 250 and 300 feet long, on the first floor, I found a number of the youthful pupils of the institution, clad, despite the lateness of the hour—it was ten o'clock—in the most daring morning costume, practising their various instruments, some of the pupils walking up and down while so engaged. Wind and string instruments, of various kinds and calibres, combined their sounds in a harmless medley. Runs, scales, sustained notes, etc., vibrated through the air and my nerves, which latter were already rather strongly affected by the noise of the Neapolitan streets. But the hopeful and youthful assembly were not disturbed in their experimental music by the arrival of a stranger, who, as they could easily perceive, was a foreigner, perfectly astonished at what he beheld. More especially impressed upon my memory are the performers on a bass trombone and a double bass. They extracted from their instruments such prodigious tones, that it seemed as though they had to prepare for playing at the Resurrection.

I slipped into a side-corridor, and met one of the servants of the establishment, whom I begged to take me to Sig. Pinto. He expressed his regret at not being able to gratify my wish, because Sig. Pinto had not yet arrived, though his hour had struck. In order to escape from the musical hubbub I have described, I asked to be conducted to the Librarian of the Conservatory, who had been described to me as a Signor Cavaliere Florimo. I thought that, with him, I might fill up the leisure time not quite unprofitably. And such was really the case. I found Signor Florimo an agreeable gentleman, who most readily and obligingly showed me the musical library under his care, and furnished me all the information I wished to obtain. We immediately plunged into a long conversation concerning the Institution, and I learned the following facts which may interest others as they interested me.

The present organization of the Naples Conservatory dates from the year 1806, it being then that Napoleon combined in one institution the four musical schools existing there at that period. These establishments, the history of some of which extends back as far as the middle of the 16th century, that is to say, occupies a period of 300 years, were: the Conservatorio della Pietà dei Turchini, the Conservatorio dei Poveri di Jesu Christo, the Conservatorio di S. Onofrio, and the Conservatorio di S. Maria Loretto. It would appear from the above titles that all the schools of music in Naples in those days, just as that at present existing, were, to some extent, connected with monasteries of the town, if only in so far as to employ for the profit of art the spacious precincts of such edifices.

* From the Berlin *Zeitung*.

But, however this may be, it is very certain that, in the last century, the Italian priesthood took a lively interest in the musical aspirations of this highly gifted nation of the South. I need merely remind the reader of Bologna, where people, for instance, still retain a lively recollection of Pater Martino, an authority on counterpoint, whom even a Mozart could not help respecting.

Since the year 1826, the Naples Conservatory has been located in the Franciscan Cloister of S. Pietro a Majella already named. It enjoys a fixed annual income of not less than 200,000 francs. On hearing this sum mentioned, I involuntarily thought, with some little depression, of the very straitened pecuniary circumstances of our German schools of music, some of which, so far from being able to do aught for the advancement of art can, literally speaking, scarcely manage to exist. It is true that we possess nearly half-a-dozen Conservatories, but we cannot, probably, suppose any one of them really endowed with vitality, except the Leipzig School of Music, though it is very evident that this would prosper still more, if, in our native Germany, the door was not flung wide open for a highly injurious system of competition on the part of private individuals. Let us hope, however, that this state of things may, some day or other, be changed for the better. What might not be effected by a single Conservatory, properly endowed and sensibly organized, for the whole of Germany!

The subjects of study in the Naples Conservatory include not only every branch of music, but other departments of knowledge as well.* Besides going through an elementary course, the pupils are taught geography, history, and so on. Nay, they are even initiated in philosophy, though more for the name of the thing than aught else. In a country where, but a short time since, people were informed that it was not the earth that revolved round the sun, but the sun round the earth,† we cannot expect that the science of reason will really flourish, even though we leave out of consideration the fact that the Italians, whose minds are cast in a preponderantly realistic mould, have always been but very poor philosophers.

The pupils, of whom 100 are taught gratuitously, are bound to attend the Institution at least six years. In some cases, however, they remain longer. In addition to receiving artistic and scientific instruction, they are also not only lodged but boarded free of cost. No pupil is admitted under the age of seven, while, on the other hand, no one is allowed to attend the Institution beyond his four-and-twentieth year. At present, the number of students is 150. The staff consists—not counting the director—of twenty-one professors. All the instruments and music required for the pupils belong to the Institution. Among the violins, I saw some very good, though not first-rate, specimens of Gagliani, the Neapolitan violin-maker, who lived in the last century. The pianofortes, on the contrary, were bad. The wildest fancy cannot form a correct notion of the toneless, discordant, jingling machines, on which it is utterly impossible to play, that are manufactured here. But this is not an isolated case. Throughout Italy, the pianos are extremely mediocre, a fact in strong contrast with the feeling for tune inherent in the Italians, and based upon a felicitous natural aptitude of disposition.

During our conversation I was informed that the anxiously expected Sig. Pinto had arrived. I was immediately conducted to him. He most obligingly expressed his readiness to allow me to be present at the violin lesson he was about to give. We entered a room, in which some pupils were already assembled. Here I could not help again remarking, as I had already remarked on my entry into the Institution, that too much attention was not bestowed upon cleanliness. All present, with the exception naturally of the Professor, looked unwashed and unkempt, and, moreover, as regards their dress, they seemed to be clad as if they had but just left their beds. The room itself, too, was not the tidiest I had ever seen. But what matters a little dirt more or less in the wonderfully bright, pure, and clear air of the South? Kind Nature paralyses it so marvellously, though, in saying this, I would not by any means be understood to assert that a little more attention to cleanliness would not be preferable. However, my attention was immediately diverted from this and similar matters, and

* A similar plan is pursued at the Prague Conservatory, but, most probably, that establishment was formed on the model of the Conservatory of Naples. † See Adolph Stahl's *Ein Jahr in Italien*.

directed to two pupils, each of whom played a violin solo, with pianoforte accompaniment. Both were admirable in the French-Belgian style, which is cultivated here with especial predilection and the devotion of elective affinity; for all Italian violinists adopt this style owing to the want of a national school. Yet in this very country lived, as recently as the last century, those great masters of the violin, who marked an epoch and served as a standard for the whole world of music, and of whom we still learn, even at the present day, by tradition! However incredible this fact may appear, it is true.

Of the above two pupils, the second especially, who acquitted himself with extraordinary spirit and in the most masterly manner, engrossed my undivided attention. He played that technically difficult piece, the "Esmeralda Fantasia," by Antonio Bazzini, the celebrated Italian violinist, who is still living and well-known in Germany, and who, like Sivori, is one of the most renowned virtuosos of modern times.

After this performance, and others I heard during my visit, it struck me as evident that the practical cultivation of orchestral playing—according to the Italian standard—is zealously and successfully carried out, and I was able to compliment Sig. Pinto sincerely on the fact. As to how it fares with pianoforte playing and the vocal art, I could not, on account of the limited time at my disposal, satisfy myself. But if I might express an opinion on the pianoforte playing I had previously heard in Italy, it would, with some exceptions, not be, as a rule, very favourable. Then, however, the piano, on account of its poverty of tone and eminently ideal character, is no instrument for a nation that seeks and finds the greatest charm of musical enjoyment in sensually beautiful but, so to speak, tonally elementary melody.

That, on the other hand, since Verdi gave his compositions to the world, vocal art has visibly fallen off in Italy needs no longer any corroboration. As I was about leaving, I found an opportunity, which I had greatly desired, of making the personal acquaintance of the Maestro Saverio Mercadante, whose opera, *La Vestale*, I had heard in Rome. The grey-haired artist, who is nearly seventy years of age, and who, three years ago, had the misfortune to become totally blind, was delivering an address to a large number of the pupils, attended by some of the professors. He is a man of small, spare stature. His head was covered with a little velvet cap. He was sitting, in a dignified attitude, upon a sofa, while those present respectfully formed a semi-circle round him. He spoke in a clear and sharply accentuated voice, his words being enforced by animated gestures. Sig. Pinto seized a fitting opportunity to introduce me. The sprightly old gentleman immediately broke off his address, and entered with me into a conversation, in which, with almost diplomatic dexterity, he gave utterance to some well-turned remarks on German music and musicians. He ended by courteously charging my conductor to see that I carried away with me a favourable impression of the Institution committed to his care.

The Neapolitans have no little reason for being, to a certain extent, proud of this Conservatory; for not only is it the oldest of its kind in Europe, but many celebrated artists, including some masters of the first rank, received their professional education there. Among them, I will mention only the following:—Scarlatti (the operatic composer), whose Christian name was Alessandro; Feo; Leo; Durante; Monteverde; Pergolese; Paisiello; Cimarosa; Spontini; and many more. The library, kept in admirable order by Sig. Florimo, contains a most valuable collection of manuscripts of the above mentioned, and other pupils, more or less celebrated, of the Conservatory. Among the autographic MSS., I observed two operas by Feo; eleven operas by Leo; some sacred compositions by Durante; six operas by Alessandro Scarlatti; and several works by Pergolese.

Sig. Florimo informed me that he is at present engaged in writing a copious history of the Naples Conservatory. It will no doubt contain some important contributions to the history of music, and, in consequence, its publication must be expected with interest.

VON WASIELEWSKI.

BRESLAU.—The members of the Singacademie have given a concert in aid of the National Fund for Invalid Soldiers. The programme consisted of three choruses from *Judas Macabæus*; a soprano air from *Joshua*; and Handel's Dettingen "Te Deum."

Letters to Well-known Characters.

TO DISHLEY PETERS, Esq.

DEAR DISHLEY,—I have received a letter from the Patriarch, which I think it my duty to forward to you. Just set it up in type and read:—

By Lunar and Terrestrial Telegraph.

Punch.—Who sent thee that mixture of snobbish vulgarity, musical ignorance, and inexact statement, labelled "JAM SATIS," which I swallowed involuntarily in to-day's issue? And wilt thou publish a letter in reply?—Thou oughtest.—The thing is not in thy style, and had no business in thy columns. In fairness to the memory of *Hentzelsohn* thou shouldst admit an answer. If not, thou shouldst incontinent endorse the opinion of "JAM SATIS"—which will assuredly be accepted as thine own, thy correspondence being invariably set down as the invention of thyself and Staff.—Thine, as usual, Ap'putton.

The Moon, High Peak.

P. Q.—I got to-day's Punch from an areolite, which knowing there was always a number ready a week in advance, obtained a proof copy from HORACE MATHEW, on the night of the areolite races. In its rapid course this areolite unwarily shot near High Peak. So I caught it and the paper, which, it being a fine earthlight night, I read without microscope. I have come here to make observations on nebule, which, the place being uninhabited, can be done without interruption. Since writing this telegram, I have caught five areolites, which I shall (if C. C. will properly label and catalogue them) present to the Museum. So they have unsea'd my wire with the Atlantic cable? Of course they will have it conveyed back to the King and Beard.

My wire!—referent in mare te novi Fluctus?

I should think not. Is Grove still a raving Schumannite?

Ap'p.

Now, I can't conceive how the letter of "Jam Satis" got into my issue. Mark must have taken it for a joke of Horace Mayhew's, or a charade by Harmony Silver. To me it has a strong tinge of Ruskinized Tomtaylorism. At the same time you know my opinion of the *Lobgesang*, and will accept my indignant repudiation of the sentiment with which the communication of "Jam Satis" is impregnated.

85, Fleet-street, Nov. 21.

Punch.

[As Mr. Punch indignantly repudiates, there let the matter stand. It may possibly, however, be discussed in another fold of this sheet by another pen than that of A. S. S.]

TO ABRAHAM SADOKE SILENT, Esq.

MY DEAR SILENT,—You can see through a millstone as well as anybody else, when you take the precaution of peeping through the hole. But you either wittingly or unwittingly, willingly or unwillingly have done me a wrong, in attributing to my pen the letter in which "Shog Beans" shamelessly "touts" for a dinner. The sentiments of that epistle I disclaim, the flippancy I condemn, and the grammar I despise. It is well known to you that I think the *M. W.* the wittiest and wisest of periodicals, and if we could only see that scene at the Edinburgh Castle, our happiness would be complete, as was remarked of Peregrine Pickle at an interesting period of his married life. At the same time I own that contributions from the pens of Mayhew, Dallas, Brooks, Edwards, and Kenney would be very welcome, but I am far from thinking that Beans suggests a good method for obtaining such compositions. I think that there is "another way," as the cookery books say, and that a small oblong piece of coloured paper, with the signature "Dishley Peters" in the lower corner on the right, would more probably produce the desired result. At all events the experiment is worth trying, and you may begin it with,—Your faithful but maligned friend,

ZAMIELS OWL.

Frank Hotelli's Hotel.

P.S.—What the fiend does Beans intend by Gunbril, in his address? Could Shog mean Gunboil? An unpleasant idea.

[Mr. Owl has misread. Let him refer to the foot-note appended to the letter of Shog Beans. It is there set out that, "maugre

the pseudonyme, few Muttonians will recognize" (in the letter) "the wit and philosophy of Mr. Owl less readily than Abraham S. Silent." Mr. Owl (besides being perfunctory) is as obscure as though he wrote by daylight. Sir Inga Patam once made a similar blunder, in construing something that fell from Mr. Shirley Brooks, at a dinner to the members of the IOU club, when Dr. Taylor Shoe, who at the same time leased Scarlet manor (Isle of Wight), of Mr. Benedict, occupied the chair (and Mr. Dion Boucicault the vice-chair), although Dr. Rug, in whose name the invitations had been circulated, did not pay for the dinner. "A small oblong piece of coloured paper" is well (although it would have to be signed by a member of the IOU club). But there is scarcity of paper; and then, where are the contributions? (A Roman echo answers, *Ubi?*) No play no pay. Play first, if possible; pay afterwards, if probable. The dinner would be better, but Mr. D. Peters is at the Service Tree and Sable (Tadcaster). Edinburgh Castle anon. Pantagruel, though he snoreth, sleepeth.—A. S. S.]

TO ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE, JOHN OXENFORD,
H. JARRETT, AND TOM TAYLOR, ESQUIRES.

SIR,—Haydn's Oratorio, "The Seasons" was performed for the first time at these concerts—the third of the series—on Nov. 8. The principal vocalists were: Jane, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Lucas, in Spring and Autumn, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, in Summer and Winter, Mr. Sims Reeves, Simon, Mr. S. Thomas. The Band and Chorus numbered 300 performers.

Haydn's Seasons is a true and worthy sequel to "The Creation." The Seasons is a masterpiece of descriptive writing in which, Haydn's genius shines redundantly on every page of the oratorio, ethereal melodies combined with sweet and refined harmonies, pastoral and rural airs joined to charming instrumentation, "all is lovely, all delightful, all replete with joy." genial exhalations that Haydn conceived from his love of nature, rise up around the listeners of this creation of his sweet and genial music. Clouds of musical incense rise in beauteous order, on which the sun of Haydn's divine inspiration is brilliantly reflected beaming forth rays of musical light that penetrate the deepest caverns of the human heart, filling the soul with adoration of the beautiful and comforting man with the voice of heaven—music—music is the harbinger of love, it reconciles man's anger and soothes his passions in peace, it drowns idle cares and ennobs the understanding with the sense of eternity, it overflows the heart with love and transports the soul to the highest heaven, where, we feel blessings that the human tongue cannot express; surely this is a foretaste of holiness. Haydn, one of the great musical divines preaches the universal language of music in accents that thrill the bosom with exhilarating gladness.

The different seasons of the year bear scenes and create remembrances that cheer the soul of man, the feelings of the heart become exultant with praises to our beneficent Creator of all goodness when we view the innumerable scenes and pleasures of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Who does not admire the lovely scenes of May? when nature clothes the fields in their luxuriant mantle of green, when the feathered songsters make the woods re-echo with their glad notes, while, the gentle zephyrs breathe their soothing harmonies as they embrace the foliage of the trees, inducing them to bend their lofty tops and wave their strong boughs while they play among their branches whispering in joyful accents the echoing notes that trill in the eddies of the limpid brook, which, float on their wings as they kiss the bosom of its silver rippling stream. Is it possible to forget the charms of a bright summer morning? when the sun gilds the heavens with gorgeous colors of every hue until the horizon in the east is painted with ethereal glory, when, fragrant perfumes of wild flowers carress us as they waft on the refreshing breeze, when the dew-drops glitter like diamonds on the petals of the Daisy when, the Lark leaves his grassy bed and ascends the skies warbling his notes of gladness. Oh! the rapture of a summer morn is sublime; it resembles to an imaginative spirit an illustration of that happy dawn when man shall be free from all that is gross and vulgar, where, the nobler feelings of man shall become developed and beam with heavenly lustre undefiled by all contaminating influence of evil passions. The scenes of nature in Autumn and Winter fill the soul with pleasing emotions, yea, when the firmament is convulsed with lightnings and thunders, there is a sublime pathos clings to the heart, which is pleasing to reflect on. Haydn was an attentive listener and a keen observer of these effects; his oratorios "The Creation" and "The Seasons" exemplify more fully than words can express. True, he does not paint the scenery to enchant the eye, but he delights the ear with melodious

sounds that vividly strike man's ideality with the sense of the beautiful and the pathos, hilarity, and religious fervor that impress the mind when witnessing these most charming scenes is fully illustrated by Haydn's pen, for he speaks in the language of human emotions. Why the bosom of man swells with delight at the thought of these pleasing mementoes of Mother Nature, their echoing sounds steal stealthily in the heart and revive pleasures of by gone days when listening to the musical language of the immortal Haydn.

Madame Sherrington is really great in the solo soprano music. Her voice and finished style of singing suit the character of Jane wonderfully well. Mr. W. Cooper sang in his very best manner, in the concerted solo movements he displayed real talent. Mr. Sims Reeves was the great artist he always shows himself to be. Mr. S. Thomas was in excellent voice and sang the Simon music with precision and musical correctness. Mr. Thomas lacks fervor and pathetic expression to make Haydn's characteristic music a triumphant success. I need only add that under Mr. Halle's able direction the Band and Chorus gave a faithful interpretation of the descriptive symphonic strains and their choral responses, illustrating fully the beauties of Haydn's Seasons.—Truly yours,
THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH.

Edgeley, Stockport, Nov. 13th.

P.S.—I was surprised at your remarks in your answers to correspondents in your impression of the 10th. T. B. B.

TO C. L. GRUNEISEN, Esq.

SIR,—I remember well that *L'Africaine* was brought out at Berlin with great success. Nevertheless, I well remember that there was a disposition to criticise it, the Berliners imagining that, because Meyerbeer was a native of Berlin, it would be unbecoming in them to have too good an opinion of his music. I remember well reflecting that it was also quite possible the people of Berlin might have had their jealousy excited by the persistence shown by Meyerbeer in bringing out his cosmopolitan operas at Paris—a city which, though it does not produce the greatest artists, proclaims itself the capital of the artistic world. I well remember enriching this reflection with another:—that from Gluck and Piccini to Rossini and Meyerbeer, the most distinguished composers of the last eighty years (with the exception of the greatest of all) have written for Paris, and in several instances produced in Paris their masterpieces. I remember well backing up these reflections with a qualifier:—Rossini, after all, only gave *Tell* and *Ory* to the Parisians, though he arranged and re-arranged for their principal operatic theatre works already known to Italy; whereas Meyerbeer presented them with *Robert*, *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, *L'Etoile*, *Le Pardon*, and *L'Africaine*. I well remember qualifying that qualifier by another qualifier:—that Meyerbeer wrote *The Camp* for Berlin, but broke up his *Camp* soon after, and employed the principal pieces in manufacturing his *North Star*. Accordingly (I remember writing), if the Berliners are jealous, they have a right to feel jealous of the French, by reason of the preference shown by their illustrious fellow-townsmen for Paris, while Berlin held a secondary place in his affections. However (I remember re-qualifying), the people of Berlin admired good music, and, in spite of their modesty, in spite of their jealousy, could not help admiring *L'Africaine*. Although (I remember) the performance—spite of "cuts"—lasted nearly five hours, no one left the theatre; and when the bust of Meyerbeer was crowned by Pauline Lucca, the audience, from King down, stood up. I well remember that Pauline Lucca played Selika; that the other soprano was Harriers-Wippenn; Wachtel tenor; Betz, unknown to fame, baritone. I remember well that the principal singers, including Betz, were called after the important pieces; while in the fourth act, Lucca and Wachtel were called twice at the end of the duet, and three times at the fall of curtain. The triumph (I remember) was for Pauline Lucca, who is worth more than Wachtel, Harriers-Wippenn, and Betz (I had not heard Betz; but surely Betz can be thrown in with the others) together—or, rather, possesses qualities that belong neither to Wippenn nor to Wachtel, nor, probably to Betz, and is not absolutely without defects. I very well remember regretting, at the time, to hear that Mdle. Lucca had lost all right to bear that name—not that, like Mdme. Sax or Saxe, she had borrowed it without permission from its rightful owner (and was thenceforth called upon to use it no more), but because she had just exchanged it for the name of a Prussian officer.

I remember well that the day after the production of *L'Africaine* a bust of Meyerbeer was uncovered in the concert-room of the theatre, in presence of the Royal family and a number of distinguished persons; that a poem was recited by Joanna Wagner, the celebrated singer, well known by her failure in London; and that several pieces from Meyerbeer's works (the Schiller March, the overture to *Struensee*, &c.) were played under the direction of Herr Taubert. All this I well remember.

Ulmster, Nov. 20.

[Mr. Shaver Silver well remembers, and remembers well, and remembers much. His memory is oppressive—to himself and to A. S. S.]

TO GROKER ROORES, Esq.

SIR,—I find in a scrap-book full of dramatic and musical criticisms, the following, without date or name of paper :—

"The first performance of Joachim has for some years past been one of the chief events of our musical season. No violinist who has ever appeared in London has succeeded to the same extent in engaging the attention of musicians and of the general public, though Joachim has, from the beginning, remained true to his classical deities, and turned a deaf ear to all productions belonging to what, in a true musical sense, may be called profane. The concert of Monday evening gave Joachim the opportunity of displaying his talent in all its power and variety. In Mozart's quintet in G minor and in Beethoven's duet for violin and pianoforte he was equally admirable. In the duet his associate was Mme. Arabella Goddard, who also played two solo pieces, Handel's fugue in E minor and Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue in the same key: in the latter she was encored with enthusiasm."

Can you inform me in what paper it appeared—to what concert it refers, and whether the prelude and fugue of Mendelssohn in E minor were from the *Six Preludes and Fugues*, Op. 35, or the earlier Prelude and Fugue which originally appeared (see *Rietz's Catalogue*) in a collection called *Notre Temps*, published by Schott of Mayence, and which may now be had of Ewer in London? By answering any or all of these questions (especially all), you would oblige, sir, yours respectfully,
THADDEUS EGG.
Brecknock, Nov. 19.

[The concert was the first Monday Popular Concert in the spring of this present year. The Prelude and Fugue were from Op. 35—the same which Madame Goddard played at St. James's Hall on Monday. For the name of the paper Mr. Egg must seek elsewhere. It is not known to his obedient servant, A. SILENT.]

TO GEORGE GROVE, Esq.

DEAR G. G.—The Cologne correspondent (Madame Rudersdorf?) of the *Musical World* and the *Sunday Times*, speaks of Schumann's Symphony in D flat having been received there with great *éclat*. As an authority on all matters connected with Schumann, I shall be truly obliged if you can give me any information about this symphony. Does it exist? I know four symphonies by this esteemed author, and would give worlds (if I had them) for a fifth, but know of none in so remote a key (I think musicians would call it) as that of D flat. It may be that the said (fair?) correspondent of the *M. W.* and *S. T.* found the Symphony (?) he heard there d—d flat—but this is too horrible a conjecture.—Your's truly,
HANSON.
The Land's End.

P.S.—Should this by any chance fall into the hands of Mrs. G. and her suspicions should be raised by my pseudonym, you can explain, that my real initials being "C. A. B.," you once wittily addressed me as "Dear Hanson," which (a Hanson being a superior kind of cab), I accepted as a compliment, but retaliated, less graciously, I confess, by addressing you as "Dear old 'oss," which, as you did not see the joke, and Mrs. G. may also miss it, you may further explain in infantile parlance, is equivalent to *gee-gee* (G. G.)

[Wo!—old 'oss—wo! Either D was a misprint for B, or flat for minor. Wo!—old A. S. S.]

TO CAMPBELL CLARKE, Esq.

SIR,—In one particular Wright is right. In another particular Wright is wrong. The article to which I am about to refer did not appear in the *Times*, nor in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, nor in the *Morning Post*, but in some other paper, which, though not the *Musical World*, was neither the *Athenæum*, nor the *Daily Telegraph*. I subjoin it in *extenso* :—

"Although *Tobias* had been advertised as the great attraction of the evening, this so-called 'drama' produced a by no means favourable impression. Nor has M. Gounod succeeded in characterizing his personages. Old Tobias and Anna, his wife, are equally dull. Young Tobias has naturally more life in him, and there is some expression in the air which he sings on arriving home. Perhaps the best thing is the air, with chorus, in which the blind Tobias, accompanied by members of his household, prays for his son's return. The miracle which follows cannot, of course, be sung; and the wonder is worked to a short instrumental movement. But neither the quartet which leads up to the orchestral 'invocation' nor the air for Tobias which precedes the

quartet, are impressive. *Tobias* was not a 'success.' It had the disadvantage of being preceded by several shorter pieces from M. Gounod's pen. Of these the Christmas carol, called 'Bethlehem,' was encored. The music of the carol is more pastoral than religious. It suggests sheep and shepherds, but never the infant Saviour."

This, however, in no way invalidates the opinion of Wright as to *Tobias* being "an exceedingly grand work." If Wright writes an article upon it, all right and tight. For one, I shall read it. Right or wrong, Wright will not be wronged by the occlusion of portals previously patulous. I know the *Musical World* and its conductors too well to think that. Nevertheless, from his handwriting, I am strongly of opinion that, though unquestionably wrong, Horace Mayhew is Wright. Let him shew that I am wrong in your columns, and allow me the opportunity of setting him right.—Yours, with respect,
THEOPHILUS QUEER (M.D.).

[Dr. Queer is welcome. Nevertheless he must have fallen over a paradox. Why, moreover, does he so persistently ignore his important mission as a Muttonian Arch?—A. S. S.]

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The fortnight's operatic "campaign" was brought to an end on Saturday night with, on the whole, a very excellent performance of *Don Giovanni*. The house was crowded in every part. The dramatic *chef d'œuvre* of Mozart, indeed—still green and hearty in its 80th year—has brought the largest audiences of the series; while the next to it in attractive power has been another masterpiece from the same pen—*Le Nozze di Figaro*, its predecessor by little more than a year.* *Norma*, *Der Freischütz*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Faust* (even *Faust*!) were fairly beaten by the classic operas of the old Salzburg master, who died so young, but has left behind him that which can never die.

The cast of *Don Giovanni* was in some of the most important points the same to which we have been accustomed at Her Majesty's Theatre. The Don Giovanni of M. Gassier, take it for all in all, is now perhaps the best the stage can boast; for if not quite so carefully studied as the Don Giovanni of M. Faure it is far more easy and natural. The Donna Anna of Mdle. Tietjens has long been and still remains unequalled. The Donna Elvira of Mdle. Sinico, like everything that clever and versatile lady undertakes, is singularly good; and seldom has a finer bass voice been heard in the solemn music of the Commendatore than that of the young American, Signor Foli. Mdle. Wiziak, the new Hungarian singer, gives the same lively portraiture of the peasant-firt, Zerlina, which made so agreeable an impression on the evening of her *début* at the last of the "supplementary" performances in the summer; on which occasion, too, we had the same Masetto as on Saturday night in Signor Casaboni, whose *lento susurri*, which pass for vocal emissions, do not, perhaps, invariably arrive *compositi hord* (at the exact moment anticipated).

There were, however, two novelties in the cast. When Mr Santley, some time ago, attempted the character of Don Giovanni but one opinion prevailed among amateurs, that since Tamburini in his prime the music had not been sung so uniformly well. And now that Mr Santley has abandoned the master for the man, it may be said with no less truth that since the elder Lablache played Leporello the music of Leporello has never been, from first to last, so admirably delivered. To say nothing of the famous "Madamina il catalogo," in which we might safely have reckoned that Mr Santley would shine, or the introduction "Notte e giorno faticar"—or, in short, any of the solos—the gain to the concerted music, in which this wonderful opera is rich without parallel, from the co-operation of a voice so telling, an execution so fluent and correct, an accent so marked and true, is incalculable. Historically, moreover, we are inclined to think that Mr Santley has a much fairer chance of approaching the goal in Leporello than in Don Giovanni. But if there is one method more likely than any other to attain excellence it is surely that adopted by our English baritone-bass, who essays almost every operatic part which lies within his means, who—as those who have heard him sing "Non più andrai" will bear witness—can with equal facility accommodate himself to Figaro and the Count in *Le Nozze*, to the Chevalier and his squire in *Don Giovanni*, and whose repertory in every school, Italian, German, French, and English, is (like that of Mdle. Tietjens) varied and extensive almost beyond precedent. Mr Santley's Leporello is a new and legitimate success. In undertaking the part of Don Ottavio Mr Hohler aimed high; and to fail where so very few can be said to have actually succeeded would entail no disgrace. But the young English tenor did by no means fail—in certain passages, indeed, affording unqualified pleasure and satisfaction to the audience. Especially to be praised was his delivery of the frequently-omitted but

* *Don Giovanni* was first performed at Prague, Oct. 29, 1787; *Figaro* at Vienna, May 1, 1786.

not the less beautiful air, "Dalla sua pace," which he sang with such genuine expression as to win applause both hearty and general—applause that, had he felt disposed, he might fairly have construed into a demand for repetition. "Il mio tesoro," the most melodious of all tenor songs in which the "bravura" is a conspicuous element, was also much applauded; but we are mistaken if Mr. Hohler does not sing this even better on some future occasion. Meanwhile it is no small thing thus early to have mastered "Dalla sua pace"—not a note of which can be shirked or a phrase slurred over with impunity. Nor is it a trifling matter, for one as yet necessarily inexperienced, to have got so creditably through the scene containing the splendid duet with Donna Anna after the murder of the Commendatore—side by side, too, with a consummate actress and singer like Mdlle. Tietjens. The "Non mi dir" of this accomplished lady, near the end of the opera—the last utterance of the unhappy Donna Anna—was, as usual, the most brilliant vocal exhibition of the night. In the popular trio of masks, Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Sinico, and Mr. Hohler obtained and accepted one of the two "encores" of the evening. The other "encore," awarded to M. Gassier, in "Deh vieni alla finestra"—the serenade to Elvira's waiting-maid—though not less spontaneous and not less well merited, was declined by that gentleman, from whom, in atonement, the audience might reasonably have demanded "Metà di voi quà vadano," in which Don Giovanni, disguised as Leporello, gives feigned instructions to Masetto and his friends where to lay hands upon their supposed common enemy. This very characteristic piece was unfortunately omitted; but we must add that the new sensation of hearing *Don Giovanni* almost from end to end without interruption by "encores" was an exceptionally pleasant one. The orchestra, under Sig. Arditi, played the overture, and all the ingenious and masterly accompaniments which Mozart has prodigally lavished on the score of his favourite work, in such a manner as to satisfy the most scrupulous connoisseur; while the chorus, though not the same to which the frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre are used in the regular season, did its work with commendable spirit and unanimity in the *finale* of the ball scene. Sig. Arditi is wise in not spoiling this magnificent *finale* by giving the minuet twice over, for the sake of exhibiting a couple of trained ballet-dancers. In abolishing the ballet-costumes altogether he would further strengthen the scenic illusion, by getting rid of an inconsistent and superfluous absurdity.

The short series of performances has been not only welcome to the lovers of Italian opera, but, we are glad to hear, successful. The immense improvement in every respect attending the removal of the old proscenium boxes is admitted on all sides. Not only is the stage now considerably larger, but the sound travels better even than before the alteration was effected.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

These entertainments, which for three months past have kept music alive and astir in London during the "dull season," are drawing to a close. The current week, owing to the necessary preparations for a Christmas pantomime, to be produced at Covent Garden Theatre, under Mr. Alfred's Mellon's direction, is, for the present, at any rate, the last. Mr. Mellon has been unremitting in his endeavours to provide a variety of attractions for his supporters, and to meet the particular tastes of each section of them. The amateurs of classical music have had a night specially set apart for them, and the first part of every Thursday's programme has been exclusively devoted to the music of one of the great masters. Not long since we had a selection from Mozart, including the Symphony in G minor (one of the three grand orchestral masterpieces composed subsequently to *Don Giovanni*), the quartet Fugue in C minor, played by the whole army of string instruments, two of the dramatic overtures, one of which was the genial, vigorous, and too rarely heard *Così fan Tutte*, the other being *Don Giovanni*, and vocal pieces by Mdlle. Liebhart and Mr. A. Hemming—a more interesting programme than which could hardly have been made out. More recently (on the last "classical night") Mendelssohn was the composer who assumed the place of honour. This concert, one of the best Mr. Mellon has given, was, owing to the indisposition of the concert-giver, conducted by Signor Bottesini, the great contrabassist—a substitute in every way efficient, seeing that he is one of the most accomplished orchestral directors now living. The first piece in the Mendelssohn-programme was the magnificent prelude to *Athalie*; the last was the concert-overture which illustrates the legend of "the Beautiful Melusine." Midway between these was the noble symphony in A minor (the "Scottish"), by this time as familiar to English audiences as the most popular of the symphonies of Beethoven. The *Athalie* overture and the Scottish symphony were admirably executed, listened to with a decorous attention not invariably the rule at "Promenade Concerts," and applauded with enthusiasm. Of all Mendelssohn's overtures, *Melusine* is the most difficult, the nice intricacies of the score being almost unparalleled in orchestral music. For this reason it is very seldom played as well as could be wished. Mdlle. Fanny Jarvis,

a young and extremely clever pianist, who has frequently appeared since the expiration of the engagement of Mdlle. Marie Krebs (like Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, a *sine quâ non* at Mr. Mellon's concerts), in the admirable *capriccio* in B major and minor, played with such spirit, taste, and brilliancy that she was unanimously called back at the end and compelled to resume her seat at the pianoforte. Instead, however, of repeating the *capriccio*, which would have been a tax alike upon the physical endurance of the player and the mental endurance of her hearers, Mdlle. Jarvis, with the best taste, performed one of the *Lieder ohne Worte* of the same composer—the animated and sparkling *presto* in C major, popularly known as the *Spinnlied*—which afforded equal pleasure. The first vocal piece was the tenor "cavatina" (so styled by Mendelssohn himself) from the oratorio of *St. Paul* ("Be thou faithful"), extremely well sung by Mr. A. Hemming, and admirably accompanied on the violoncello (*obbligato*) by Mr. George Collins, principal violoncello at the Royal Italian Opera. The other songs were those exquisite chamber *Lieder*, "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" (known in English as "On song's bright pinions"), and "Frühlingslied" (Spring song), given to the original German text, with a combined vigour and refinement worthy all praise, by Mdlle. Liebhart, who, since the retirement of Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, has occupied that popular lady's place as Mr. Mellon's vocal Queen, to the general satisfaction of his patrons. Add to all these the *Andante* and *Finale* from the violin concerto, played by that very young violinist, Master Emile Sauret, with a fluency, accent, precision, and correctness of intonation hardly to be surpassed, and it will readily be believed that the Mendelssohn selection was one of the most interesting ever provided for the gratification of those who love Mendelssohn's music—in other terms, a large majority of the amateurs of England. We must not omit to add that the two *Lieder* introduced by Mdlle. Liebhart were accompanied on the pianoforte with great ability by Mr. Zerbinì—if only because, in neither instance, in the last more especially—is the accompaniment a very easy matter.

The new "orchestral selection" (so-called) from Weber's *Der Freischütz*—although we can see no necessity for the startling paraphernalia that accompany it and really add nothing to its effect—is the best Mr. Mellon has ever presented. The most prominent phrases in the opera are included and dovetailed with remarkable skill and felicity. Every one of the *dramatis personæ* is clearly represented, by solo, or bits of solos, on various instruments, played in the perfect style to which we have been accustomed at these concerts; and the whole hangs together like a well planned and artistically developed piece. The execution is admirable. The soloists are Messrs. Reynolds (cornet), J. Winterbottom (bassoon), Pollitzer (violin), Stockstro (flute), and Hughes (ophicleide)—all excellent and thoroughly practised artists; while in the full pieces, like "Victoria, Victoria" and the "Huntsmen's Chorus," the sonority of the orchestra is materially strengthened by the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. F. Godfrey. The "Incantation" of course gives the opportunity for the stage effects, upon which Mr. Mellon has evidently placed much reliance; but so admirably are the wonderful musical fragments of which this scene is composed performed that we cannot but think the effect would have been quite as marked, as we need hardly say it would have been more legitimate, without any such fantastic additions. This *Der Freischütz* selection is just now the *pièce de resistance*, and there can be little doubt that it has created a genuine impression.

On Monday night there was a Meyerbeer programme, with (for the first time) a selection from *L'Etoile du Nord*. The last "classical night" was on Thursday; and to-night the performance is "for the benefit of Mr. Alfred Mellon," whose three months' exertions to amuse the public fairly entitle him to anticipate "a bumper."

Of the Thursday night's performance we shall have a word to say next week.

COLOGNE.—The programme of the second Gürzenich concert consisted of Overture (Jul. Tausch); Aria for soprano from *Scipione* (J. Ch. Bach), Mdlle. Rudersdorff; Fantasia for Violoncello (A. Schmidt), Herr A. Schmidt; Canzonets (Haydn), Mdlle. Rudersdorff; Adagio and Finale from Concerto in B minor (Hummel), Mdlle. Johnson Gräver; Minale from *Loreley* (Mendelssohn), and Sinfonie in D minor (Schumann).—Sig. and Mad. Marchesi gave a concert on the 13th inst., in the Hôtel Disch. A great feature of the evening were some songs, by Ferdinand Hiller, for three Female Voices, sung by eighteen pupils of the Conservatory. The other vocal pieces were Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben," Mdlle. Marchesi; two duets composed by Ferdinand Hiller for Sig. and Mdlle. Marchesi; duet from Rossini's *Semiramide*; air from *La Resurrezione*, by Handel; Schubert's "Erlkönig;" and "Pourquoi." The instrumental pieces were Mozart's Variations for Four Hands, and some movements from Ferdinand Hiller's *Operette ohne Worte*, played by Herren Hiller and Gernsheim.

GÖRLITZ.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was performed recently, under the direction of Herr W. Klingenberg, in the Nicolai-Kirche.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

20th CONCERT (FOURTH CONCERT OF THE NINTH SEASON).

The Director begs to announce that the remaining

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

Will take place as follows, viz. :—

Monday, December 3 1866.	Monday, February 11 1867.
Monday, " 10 "	Monday, " 18 "
Monday, January 14 1867.	Monday, " 25 "
Monday, " 21 "	Monday, March 4 "
Monday, " 28 "	Monday, " 11 "
Monday, February 4 "	Monday, " 18 "

Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays: January 26th; February 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd; March 2nd, 9th—1867.

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26TH, 1866.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF HERR WILHELMJ.

PART I.

- GRAND OTTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for four Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos—MM. WILHELMJ, L. RIES, WINNER, WATSON, HENRY BLAGROVE, W. HANS, PAQUE, and PIATTI. *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "On a faded violet"—Mr. SANTLEY. *Platti.*
ROMANCE, in F, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr WILHELMJ (his first appearance at these Concerts). *Beethoven.*
SONG, "If doughty deeds my lady please"—Mr. SANTLEY. *Arthur Sullivan.*
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 10, No. 1, for Pianoforte alone (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Mr. CHARLES HALL. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

- FENSEES FUGITIVES, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—Mr. CHARLES HALL and Signor PIATTI. *Heller and Ernst.*
SONG, "The Erl King"—Mr. SANTLEY. *Schubert.*
TRIO, in C minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MM. CHARLES HALL, WILHELMJ, and PIATTI. *Mendelssohn.*
CONDUCTOR ———— Mr. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Box Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; to be had of AUGUST, 23, Piccadilly KITE, PROWSE, & Co., 45, Cheapside; and CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT,"

By JOSEPH GODDARD.

- CHAP. I.—The essential relation between the two main characters of sentiment (instinctive and mental), and the two main sections of musical effect (melodic and rhythmic).
CHAP. II.—The exigency in expression which mental sentiment involves, is met in the structural plan of the modern classical instrumental works.
CHAP. III.—A comparative analysis of the spirit of the instrumental music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn.
CHAP. IV.—The intellectual rank of musical art.
CHAP. V.—Dramatic music: the principles on which the literary and musical plan of Opera should be based.
CHAP. VI.—The principles on which the literary and musical plan of Oratorio, or Grand Cantata, should be based.
CHAP. VII.—The influence of mental progress upon music.

The above work is a painstaking endeavour to elucidate the nature, scope, and position of the musical art. As the labour it involves is not that in connection with music calculated to be remunerative, whilst at the same time the influence of such works is to further the interests of musicians by tending to elevate their art in general estimation, the author thinks he can reasonably appeal to them for the means of insuring safe publication. A few more promises to purchase being necessary to guarantee the expenses of publication, all who may be willing to support the work are solicited to communicate with the Author.

Price to Subscribers, 5s.

L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive fils du ROY FLORENDOIS de MACDONALD et de LA BELLE GRASSE, fille de Remiclus, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Mangin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for SIXTEEN GUINEAS.
Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co. 244, Regent Street.

BIRTH.

On the 16th inst., the wife of G. B. WOLF, Esq., of a daughter.

DEATH.

J. DORTIGUE, the well-known musical critic and successor to M. Hector Berlioz, in the *Journal des Debats*, at Paris, on Tuesday, of apoplexy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HORACE MAYHEW be ———.
BOOZ SHENQUIN.—There be that insist as how Beethoven was never in love three days together, except when a boy, when he was in love three days together.

PANTAGRUEL.—Edinburgh Castle? The irons are hot, *Dat, qui dat bis, cito.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

ALBERT LORTZING.

(Continued from page 734.)

ON our return from Baden to Mannheim, I was entrusted by my official superiors with the agreeable task of presenting Lortzing in their name with a memento, consisting of a rose-wood conducting-stick, with a silver handle, and a large Rhine pebble as the top, the whole being enclosed in a handsome case. On the pebble were the Baden arms, with the inscription, "Committee of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Baden." The silver handle was divided into three compartments; in the first was engraved: "Albert Lortzing; in the second: "The 3rd July, 1844; and, in the fourth: "A Recollection of Mannheim." The following was the letter accompanying the present:

"Committee of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Baden.

"Mannheim, the 12th July, 1844.

"To Herr Albert Lortzing *Capellmeister*. For the time being, here.—

"We herewith beg to present you with a trifling memento of the third July of the present year, the day on which you afforded the Mannheim public an opportunity of openly expressing their thanks for your beautiful musical creations, as well as their love for the composer.

"Our insignificant gift will possess importance and value as often as it is used by you.

"Think of the Rhine and your numerous admirers in Mannheim.

"With the highest consideration, (L. S.) Jolly.

"SCHERNER."

The singers belonging to the Theatre gave him a beautiful serenade. On the 15th, he left for Frankfurt. His first letter from that place to me is dated the 21st July, and runs as follows:

"MY DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER,—You will be angry at not having heard from me for so long; but I wanted to tell you something actual. *Der Wildschütz* was to have been given—Oh, wonderful—under my direction! (Everyone deplores Gauert's approaching end), but the performance was prevented by a sudden case of illness. It took place yesterday, and the success was glorious. I was called twice, and, at last, again made a speech—without sticking; my fate will be the same as Guhr's; I, also, shall die soon, in consequence of beginning to show a talent for speechifying. Guhr, by the way, was amiability itself. At half-past nine this evening I shall at last set out. My desire to see my family is very strong. So, dear brother, farewell! You shall hear from me again at Leipzig. Give my remembrances to all your dear family, as well as to Lachner, the Pichler, Mühlendorfer, your excellent orchestra; all, all; give my remembrances to all Mannheim. I shall never forget my stay there, nor the pleasure I enjoyed.—Yours, "ALBERT LORTZING."

Lortzing now stood at the turning-point of his good fortune. He had reached the highest pinnacle, and—hoping for a prosperous future—was rich in content, in reputation, and in felicity. The triumphal march—as, from an individual point of view, it may well be called—to Mannheim and Frankfurt, was the acme of his professional happiness, which thenceforward began to decline. With a heart beating with joy, and relieved from all cares as to the means of existence, he cast a hopeful look towards the future. Elevated by the applause of the many, supported by the sympathy

of his friends, he had no care in the midst of his peaceful home to interrupt the harmony of his soul; he was happy, happier than he had ever been before, and unfortunately, than he ever was again.

Thanks to his faithful companion, his divine humour, which visibly smoothed his downward road, and never altogether deserted him!

On the first August, 1844, he entered upon the duties, so warmly desired by him, as *Capellmeister* at the Leipzig Theatre. As I could not become acquainted with his affairs; his position and his frame of mind; his life and his labours, otherwise than from his letters, it will certainly be best to let him speak for himself; to present the reader with the original instead of a translation. I will, therefore, continue giving chronologically extracts from his confidential letters to Reger and myself, and add the explanations sometimes necessary.

[To Düringer.]

"Leipzig, the 20th August, 1844.

"My D— Br. I—You will have blackguarded me; of course; quite natural; because I have been so long without writing, because I have not thanked you for sending the little cask with its stuffing. After all, you would not be wrong to do so. I wanted to wait, however, till our theatre was opened, in order to be able to tell you something about it. I flatter myself you will allow the validity of this reason. In the first place, then, my best thanks to your Papa for his juicy and friendly kindness. Husk and kernel arrived safely, and my family are much delighted therewith. The aspect of the article in question brought back to my recollection that pleasant evening, which, like many others in Mannheim, I shall never forget. I passed an agreeable time. My present life is to some extent awfully slow. A great deal to do; that I like. But, when work is over, with whom can a man associate; with whom can he unbosom himself? I miss you; I miss Reger; I am all alone. The many new faces make me uncomfortable, and cause me to feel more acutely the absence of my good, dear friends. I go out very little.—Things may get better, but not well; they can never be again what they have been.* To speak of matters here: the Theatre, as you have, no doubt, read, opened (on the 10th August) with *Don Carlos*. The first opera was *Don Juan*, my *début*. I consecrated my conducting-stick on the occasion, but, after the introduction, put it back in the case, because it was too heavy for me,† and I feared it might influence the *tempi*. The world had seen it; seen it wielded in the overture to *Don Juan*; what more can I desire.—With regard to our much landed company, many of them (between ourselves) would not, under Ringelhardt, have been allowed to appear without considerable opposition on the part of the public. The interest taken in Dr. Schmidt is, however, so great that the Leipscickers overlook all deficiencies; in time, they will think differently. At present there are great houses and great applause; I hope this state of things may continue.‡ * * * The interior of the house is very pretty and cheerful; costumes and *mise-en-scène*, properties, etc., brilliant. But how Schmidt, with a salary list like his, means to meet such an expenditure is a puzzle to everyone. With such expenses he will not keep the thing going a year. *Nous verrons*. I had scarcely returned to my family from my long journey, when I had to go to Berlin, for the purpose of—helping to bury my old Aunt; the old lady had come to the end of the struggle—a fortunate thing for her—she suffered terribly. My Uncle is exceedingly weakly, he is! § I scarcely fancy he can hold out long. * * * —I have not been able to think of my *Undine*, for business has too firm a grip upon me. Our repertory looks confoundly queer; there was too little preparation. Since the 10th, *Don Carlos* has been repeated three times and *Don Juan* three times, because there was nothing else to give. * * *

* There is an analogous passage in a letter of the same period to Reger: "I often feel very melancholy, because, rightly considered, I have no one I can allow to look into my soul. However—like the Jester in *Der Templer*, I say to myself 'It will be all right!'"

† Too heavy—after the introduction to the first opera, at the performance of which he officiated as conductor. Was this not an omen?

‡ He here gives the names of those members of the dramatic and operatic company who, in his opinion, were good. I mention the purport of the omitted matter, as a proof of his kindly disposition, which, with even me, caused him to pass over in silence the names of those who did not please him. I was obliged, however, to omit even the former, because the others would naturally be known from them.

§ It was a habit of his Uncle to repeat the verb in the above manner. I have directed the attention of the reader to this little fact because it again shows us how Lortzing's humour, in the very moment of emotion, was accustomed to catch at a joke, to drive away, as it were, that emotion.

I think the best thing I can do is to send my remembrances to all Mannheim; the entire town has a right to my gratitude for receiving me so very kindly. If, however, one or the other should feel offended, in the first place give my best compliments to your Principal Stage-Manager, and then to his charming wife. Since that blackguard Liepsicker left, you have, doubtless, been able to sleep without being disturbed, and the lady says, probably, like Egmont: *Süßes Leben; schöne freundliche Gewohnheit des Daseins und Wirkens!* A thousand greetings to the Düringer family, especially to the man who gave me wine. Once more, let me beg you to remember me to your Committee; Lachner; Mühlendorfer; the Fichler, and—devil take it, there are a lot more. Yours,

"ALBERT LORTZING."

[To Reger.]

"Leipzig, the 28th September, 1844.

"My GOOD PHILIP,

"I am quite solitary, and shall, most likely, continue to be so. I have no one to whom I can pour out my heart. But man must accustom himself to everything; and this is not without its advantage. If there were no privations, there would be no enjoyment.—I feel—between you and me—a repugnance I cannot explain for the state of things at the Theatre here and for the members of the company. The latter I can avoid, but not the former. When I am not compelled, I never go to the Theatre; I hardly know the new pieces; neither they nor the performers interest me. With a few exceptions, everyone is dissatisfied. They all complain of want of business—good business, *nota bene*. The theatre pays, but not to the extent Dr. Schmidt fancied it would. According to his own admission, he has not yet had an overflowing house. But then there has been nothing to draw good houses. The new operas: *Schöffe von Paris*, and *Mara*, the latter by my colleague, were not such hits as Schmidt expected. The *Schöffe* contains good German music; a musician must make his bow to it, but it is not theatrical; not piquant enough to take the public; in addition to this, the book is wearisome. The composer himself conducted the first two performances, and, for that reason, I would not make any cuts previously. I afterwards slashed about me right and left, and that, too, with Dorn's consent; I wielded the pencil like a savage (my old murderous propensities were excited). What was the result? The opera became more attractive; at least it was found less tiresome; notwithstanding this, it will not and cannot hold its place in the bills. * * *

A great change has already taken place in Dr. Schmidt, and, unless I am much mistaken, he already repents what he has done. You know his high-flown notions; nothing was too costly for him; but he now sings small; is cheeseparing in trifles, and important changes will be effected within a short time. * * *

I am working hard at present, and hope to have my *Undine* all put together for the end of the year.—Cornet of Hamburg has already asked for the *libretto*, so as to have the scenery got ready by Mühlendorfer. It is time, my dear Brother, for me to be earning some money again, for, when the few amounts still due are paid and spent, I am reduced to my 88 thalers and 10 new groschens a-month, and with that I cannot do much. I rely upon God and—my *Undine*!

I met Ringelhardt, the other day, in the street. Herloszsohn, who joined us, said: 'Good day, Manager!' to which Ringelhardt, with the tone you know so well, replied, 'Do not say: Manager, say: Peasant, for that is what I am now.' * * *

And now, my dear Philip, may God preserve you, as heretofore Remember me to all at home, and remain for me what you are. Yours

"ALBERT LORTZING."

[To Düringer.]

"Leipzig, the 21st Oct., 1844.

"My D— Br. I—My best thanks for your lines for *Undine*. They are in time, and will be used. * * * Our theatrical sky is very clouded. Important reductions have already been made; several members have received two months' notice, and the man for whom, at the outset, nothing was too dear is now economical in a fashion Ringelhardt never was. The expenditure is, notwithstanding, tremendous, and out of all proportion to the receipts; I believe (between ourselves) that the enterprise will come to no happy end. I am sorry for poor Schmidt, though he has acted in many things stupidly, for his intentions were good, but, if he has not some especial piece of luck, in the shape of new productions, stars, etc., he will be—before the expiration of a year—a bankrupt.—So Reger must pay.—Poor fellow. If he were only paid proportionally himself.—As I happen to be on the subject of paying, cannot you manage, my dear Brother, to see me paid for my *Sachs*? I am in the same position as my manager. My expenditure exceeds my receipts; I would not be so pressing—but—I am confoundedly hard up, for with 88 thalers, 10 new groschens a month, a man cannot do much, and those few of my customers who are still in my debt, are preciously dilatory. Be good enough to urge Mühlendorfer to forward the accompanying book to Cornet, after he has looked at it himself. * * *

Remember me to H. B. I had great pleasure in executing his little commission. Should he think himself under any obligation to me for it, let him incline to mercy towards poor Reger.—Best regards to all: Wife, Father, Mother, and Lachner!—Yours, "ALBERT LORTZING."

[To the Same.]

"Leipzig, the 17th November, 1844.

"D— Bn.—You would have received, by return of post, the receipt for the money for *Sachs*, but Mad. Reger, who is my postman, does not leave here before Monday, the 18th, after having amused herself as my guest some three weeks. * * * * * Matters at the Theatre do not take any better turn. * * * * * Ringelhardt has not yet been to the Theatre. He is beginning quietly to celebrate many a triumph, and—sorry as I am for Sch * * *—I cannot blame him, because the public was ungrateful to him. * * * * * Old Hoss * is lying at the point of death, and,—when you get this letter, will be by the side of his colleague, Peter. * * * * * Muhlendorfer was going to write to me about the way in which the machinery for my new opus was to be made. Ask him whether he has sent the book to Hamburg. —I keep myself very much aloof from the members of the company.—Embrace and greeting from your

"ALBERT LORTZING."

[To Reger.]

"Leipzig, the 11th December, 1844.

"MY DEAR PHILIP,

A few days ago I was informed by my publishers, Breitkopf und Hartel, that, having heard that my latest opera was to be first produced in Hamburg, they were willing, provided I would send it them back, to have it engraved and printed at once, so that the pianoforte arrangement might appear simultaneously with the first performance. I was greatly pleased at this. In a few weeks the book will, I hope, be ready, and I will send you a copy without delay for your Management. Up to the present *datum*, my own manager has not uttered a word on the subject. The *Czaar* has been given, in a new shape, at Riga. Engelken has availed himself of the Emperor Maximilian's marriage-progress to Ghent. For 'Russia,' 'Germany,' and for 'Czaar,' 'Prince' are substituted; the names, too, of the Ambassadors had to be changed, and the whole plays in Antwerp; the opera has thus satisfied the Censorship, and created a *furor*.—I wish the king (my *Undine*) were crowned, and the whole business happily over.—My Mother, thank Heavens, is once more all right in health and spirits. * * * * *

"ALBERT LORTZING."

[To Düringer.]

Leipzig, the * * * * *

"MY D— BR!

I have been unwell the whole winter; I think that as a result of a cold, I got a touch of gout, which pained me of an evening, and still more at night, so that I was obliged to renounce 'all those amusements I once loved best.'—Novelty at the theatre * * * * * As is the case when anyone acts energetically, Marr is very unpopular with all the company. He is, however, a thorough man of business, who cannot fail to inspire respect.

"The 4th March, 1845.

"The dash denotes a break. I wrote the above lines a month ago, but, up to the present moment, could not, Heaven knows why, finish the letter. It shall be finished now, however, because, in a few days, I set out for Hamburg to conduct my *Undine* there.—Not long since, I learned a disagreeable fact. Some weeks ago, B. (the Secretary at the Theatre) informed me confidentially that Dr. Sch * * * (compared to whom at present Ringelhardt was, in the matter of economy, a spendthrift) intended to change the entire musical management. That my colleague B. would go had long been known, since, for a considerable period, he had been on bad terms with the Management; but that Sch * * * means to get rid of me, also, grieved me deeply, not only on account of the chance of my not finding another engagement, a most important consideration for a man with my family; but what wounded me principally, was the offensive notion, as you will feel, that for the first time in my life, with my name in the theatrical world, and with the consciousness of my efficiency in my own line, I should receive notice for a few hundred trumphy thalers. The account, however, is very clear. I receive 1,000 thalers. My old Mama, 150. He will engage a conductor for 600 or 800 thalers. There are plenty such who would be glad to come to Leipzig. He thus saves two or three hundred thalers on me, and the salary of my Mother. Yes, my dear Brother, I am not precisely in the most wildly high spirits; added to this I have not a soul to whom I can communicate my thoughts;—why occasion my Wife and Mother anxiety sooner than is necessary?—on the 1st May, they will learn it soon enough. Do not hint a word of this to anyone—for who knows what turn matters may take. * * * * *

* Hall-Door Keeper at the Leipzig Theatre.

There is another thing, too; I cannot get rid of my gout.—I lead a horrible life, and do not know what it will be in Hamburg. My good wife still gets about. The end will be that she will be relieved of her burden during my absence. * * * * * And now, my dear Brother, I will, at length, conclude, otherwise the letter will be lying about six weeks longer. Remember us most kindly to all your familydom, and retain your affection for your

"ALBERT LORTZING."

(To be continued).

I' Adeline Patti.*

Es-tu le Rossignol, la Rose, l'Harmonie,
Jeune divinité du Ciel Italien?
Es-tu l'Amour, l'Esprit, le Charme, le Génie,
Etoile aux éclairs d'Or de l'art Cecilien?

O Diva radiante! O musique infinie!
Tu nous suspends à toi d'un celeste lien.
Tu portes dans ton cil le pleur d'Iphigénie,
La gaieté de Ninon et l'éclat de Tallien.

Chante, O ma Lucie; Chante, O mon Adeline!
Tressaille sous ton lys et sous ton Mandoline,
Respire dans ta pourpre et dans ta floraison.

O brune Adeline! comme Vénus la blonde
De la pointe du pied boit l'écume de l'onde,
Tu sembles une fleur qui boit une chanson.

* From *Le Reus du XIXe. Siècle.*

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The half-yearly general meeting of the members was held at the Hanover-Square Rooms on Monday last. The dates of the concerts for the ensuing season were fixed as follows:—Monday, March 11 and 25; April 8; May 6 and 20; June 8 and 17; July 1. Mr. Stanley Lucas was unanimously elected secretary to the society in the place of Mr. Campbell Clarke, resigned.

Mdlle. LIEBHART has been singing at Mr. Alfred Mellon's concerts throughout the week a new waltz by Signor Traventi, called "The Loisa Waltz," with great effect. The new waltz is eminently melodious, taking, and, recommended by Mdlle. Liebhart's brilliant and piquante singing, is sure to become popular.

PARIS.—The long-expected and much-rehearsed new opera of M. Ambroise Thomas, *Mignon*, was brought out on Saturday, at the Opéra-Comique. The principal singers were Madame Marie Cabel, Madame Galli-Marié, M. Achard, and M. Coudere.

MDME. ARABELLA GODDARD played at a concert in Birmingham on Wednesday evening. She will shortly begin a series of Monday Popular Concerts, accompanied by Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, in Scotland and other parts of the United Kingdom.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The symphony at to day's concert is Beethoven's No. 7, in A. A new concerto for violoncello (with orchestral accompaniments) composed by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and performed by Sig. Piatti will be the novelty. The overtures are Mendelssohn's *Heimkehr* (*Son and Stranger*) and Schumann's *Genoveva*.

DIED, last week, in Vienna, Count Hugo Gallenberg, son of Count Gallenberg some time manager of San Carlo, Naples, and composer of the music to many ballets. The Countess Gallenberg, mother of the deceased, was the same Giulietta Guicciardi to whom Beethoven dedicated his so-called "Moonlight Sonata."

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN plays on Monday evening, at Willis's Rooms, for the Concert in aid of the Band Fund of the Corps of the Author's Fourth Middlesex Volunteer Artillery.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—At the concert on Monday evening, Herr Wilhelmj is to play for the first time and lead Mendelssohn's Ottet. Mr. Hallé makes first appearance this season with a sonata by Beethoven, which has never been heard at these concert (the sonata in C minor, No. 1, Op. 10).

ARABELLA GODDARD AT BRIGHTON.

Brighton, Nov. 23.

SIR.—Another rich treat was given to amateurs of good music in this much-frequented watering-place on Wednesday afternoon, when Madame Arabella Goddard gave her second Pianoforte Recital at the Royal Pavilion. The audience, as at the first, was as "fashionable" and intelligent an audience as could well be got together in Brighthelmston, which just now is "fashionable" to a point, and so full that more hotels are absolutely wanted. Madame Goddard, in accordance with her invariable custom, had provided a selection of pieces in all varieties of schools, and in each particular instance representing a composer eminent in his department of art. Nothing is more welcome than a new revival of some forgotten sonata by Jean Ludwig Dussek, when the reviver is Madame Goddard, who may fairly be said to have fished up the old Czechian musician from his long burial place in the waters of oblivion. Till Madame Goddard was zealous on his account, the name of Dussek was chiefly known as a name on the title-page of a couple of pieces which, though admirable in themselves, were for the most part exclusively resorted to as useful lessons. I mean an *andante* called *The Consolation*, and a sonata (Op. 24) dedicated to a certain Mrs. Chinnery—both in the key of B flat. Even Kalkbrenner, in his pianoforte school, shewed himself acquainted with little else by a master who, while thus ignored, was not the less worth a trillion (nay a quadrillion) of Kalkbrenners. True, Sterndale Bennett, Hallé, and other distinguished professors have occasionally brought forth a large work by Dussek; and the former even included the *Farewell to Clementi*, one of the finest of the grand sonatas, in a collection he was editing at the time for Messrs. Coventry and Hollier, under the name of *Classical Practice*. But what Madame Goddard has done per force of reviving and repeatedly playing in public so many of his best works, is to make again a musical household word of a name which, once renowned, has for half a century been scarcely recognized by the majority of amateurs. The first thing in Wednesday's programme was a delicious sonata in B flat, a favourite key with Dussek, consisting of a graceful *allegro ma cantabile*; an *adagio patetico* (in E flat), not styled *patetico* without good reason; and a rondo scherzo ("Allegro di Ballo"), full of brisk life and vigorous animation—I shall leave your readers to find out for themselves in which *Opus* this charming work is counted (for reasons known only to myself). Enough that its performance by Madame Goddard was delightful from end to end. In the *allegro* she was Dussek; in the Orphean *adagio* she was the Christian St. Cecilia; and in the rondo I can only compare her with Carlotta Grisi, while executing in her inimitably graceful way, one of the most rapid and dazzling of her *pas seules*—where feet twinkled. Call this rhapsody if you will, I write as I felt while listening to the strains of the genial master, conjured up once more by the fingers of the enchantress of the piano—the "Lady of the Keys," as gallant Mr. Punch christened her (some seven years since).

Dussek's happy sonata was well contrasted with what followed, in the shape of three studies, by three other consummate masters of the piano. The first of the group was the No. 2 from Hummel's *Twenty-four Studies* (a strangely neglected work*)—a study for double notes, in G major, graceful from first to last. The second was a magnificent *bravura* study in G minor, by Sterndale Bennett, entitled *L'Appassionata*—companion to another in E flat, equally fine in its way, though of a wholly different character, and entitled *L'Amabile*. The third was the G major study on the chromatic scale, from the first book of Moecheles' earliest, and (as I think) his best. While all were played in perfection, the one that pleased me most was the Bennett, which, as Schumann says of Mendelssohn's first prelude, Op. 35 (I quote from Schumann's English translation, "E. M. von G.")—"overflows with impetuous force from beginning to end, enough to carry any one away,"† and which was marvellously "enlivened" by its executant.

Handel's *Suite* in D minor, and the *Sonata Appassionata* (or, with deference to publisher Cranz, who thus christened it,—*Sonata*

*Not neglected, however, by my esteemed friend and chum, William Dorrell Esq., who has it (together with everything else worth having) in his exhaustless library.—A. S. S.

† Schumann's exact words, with reference to the Prelude in E minor, are—"namentlich packt das erste gleich von Anfang aus und reißt bis zum Schluss mit sich fort" (*Gesammelte Schriften*, vol. 2, page 102).—A. S. S.

in F minor, Op. 57) were the remaining classical pieces—the first, one of the most captivating of the famous Harpsichord Lessons for which we are indebted to the Princess Anne; the last, one of the most gorgeous inspirations of the "immeasurably gifted" Beethoven. I need not describe Mme. Goddard's execution of these masterpieces to you, who must have heard her play them often, at the Monday Popular Concerts and elsewhere. During the last movement of the *Appassionata*, one might have dreamed of being swept away "*celeri Africo*" (as Horace says, in the 14th Ode of the 1st Book)—by the swift wind of Africa—so impetuously did the fair magician sweep the keyboard in her rapid progress. Charmed with all, the audience were perhaps most of all charmed by this; and no wonder.

In her last piece, Madame Goddard, like Tasso's Armida, who—

"Diè corpo a chi non l'ebbe"

(gave body to that which had none), gave soul to things that are soulless—to the colourless passages of a *fantasia*, in which the divine melody of Mozart is made to move as well as it may in the clanking shackles of Mr. Thalberg's *bravura*. The *fantasia*, however, was that on *Don Giovanni*; and Mme. Goddard has the art, in playing a *fantasia*, of making the melody flow as easily as though it were unencumbered. No longer—to cite the wayward and forbidden poet, Apollo's youngest *enfant terrible*—

"A broken, an emptied boat,"

which "sea saps" and "winds blow apart," under her hand the melody floats on the waves of boisterous arpeggios as a swan on the bosom of a lake,

"That never a storm will rouse."

Bref—after the *fantasia*, Mad. Goddard was unanimously called back, and had no choice but to play again; so she once more sang the "Last Rose of Summer," and sang it as sweetly and glibly as though there had been no chromatic scales, up and down the keyboard, to remind one of Goethe's Mignon, dancing gaily among the eggs, and never breaking one.

Some singing by Mr. L. Montgomery, who has a good voice, and was well accompanied by Mr. William Ardley, of Brompton, separated the pianoforte pieces from each other, and afforded the necessary relief to hearers and performer. Again I must tender many (very many thanks) to Madame Arabella, and look forward with pleasure to her third and (for too long a time) her last "Recital."

L. PITT.

To D. Peters, Esq.

COLOGNE.—(From a correspondent).—At the third *Gurzenich Concert* yesterday evening, Old England obtained a decided success. First came on the *début* of our highly gifted countrywoman, Miss Marian Hayne, pupil of the Conservatoire here. This young lady, who will undoubtedly be a star for the next season in London, being in possession of a beautiful soprano voice and a capital method, sang extremely well the air from the *Creation*, "With verdure clad" (in German), and was immensely applauded and recalled at the end. A great success met the Overture to the "Storm" of Shakespeare, composed by Jules Benedict. This eminent composer, although German by birth, is to be calculated as our countryman, having made his artistic career in England, where he has contributed so much to the progress of musical taste during many years. I was delighted to hear this overture so rich in melodies, and so masterly and characteristically played, and I cannot understand why such a beautiful work does not appear any more in the programmes of the musical societies in England. It was immensely applauded by the very large audience, and the orchestra played it *con amore* as Ferdinand Hiller directed it. At the next concert we shall hear the celebrated oratorio *Saul*, composed by Hiller.—Nov. 21.

HERR LEHMEYER'S "Pianoforte Recital," on Wednesday evening, was a decided success. His performance of Beethoven's Sonata in B flat (op. 23), and Mozart's grand Fantasia and Sonata in G minor, besides other pieces of a lighter and more varied character, elicited the warmest applause of a select and appreciating audience. Herr L. was also very fortunate in his selection of young amateur ladies and gentlemen. Their occasional contributions, both vocal and instrumental, to the evening's entertainment, were marked with indications of promising talent and judicious culture.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Mr. G. W. Martin commenced his seventh season on Tuesday Evening with a performance of *Elijah*, which reflected great credit on all concerned; for there were difficulties and drawbacks to be overcome, and these were met and conquered boldly. First, there was a new tenor to supply the place of Mr. Leigh Wilson, who was originally announced, and if Mr. J. Kerr Gedge (the gentleman in question) did not altogether come up to the required standard of excellence, he may console himself with the reflection that he is not the only singer who has fallen short of the mark. Then Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was hoarse and could not appear, and the post of first soprano was undertaken at a very short notice by Madame Suchet Champion, who got through her by no means easy task in a manner that was not only satisfactory, but praiseworthy. Then the second soprano, Miss Fanny Armytage, was indisposed, and her place had to be filled, Miss Amy Sheridan being the substitute in this case. Fortunately, Mr. Santley was not only disposed (I presume that is the reverse of indisposed) but in magnificent voice throughout, and his singing of the music of the Prophet went far to compensate for any shortcomings (I don't mean Mr. W. H. Cummings) there might be in other respects. Willingly would the audience have heard again both the great air "Is not his word like a great fire," and "It is enough," but Mr. Santley, in each instance, wisely declined the compliment with a firmness that was not to be mistaken. One encore there was, "O rest in the Lord," sung by Miss Lucy Franklein, whose evidently good intentions are but too frequently marred by a nervousness which time may perhaps enable this promising young singer eventually to overcome.

The band (which has been considerably strengthened this season) did its work well,—as was only to be expected, seeing that it includes most of the leading instrumentalists of Mr. Costa's orchestra. I must, however, take exception to the drums, which were noisy and obtrusive. The chorus shewed a decided improvement; light, shade, and precision being now conspicuous—not by their absence, but by their presence. When I have stated that Exeter Hall was crowded, and that the applause of the audience was as frequently well-timed as it was constantly obstreperous, I think I have done all that is required of

DRINKWATER HARD.

P.S.—If Dr. Abraham Sadock Silent (better known as A. S. S.) will explain what is meant by a "good postscriptum of its paragraphs," I shall be obliged. Failing this explanation I cannot attach any value to his views as to what is and is not penultimate, but would merely request him to read again the letter of Shegog Beans, and carefully study that part which refers to Mr. Dishley Peters' opinion as to Charles Kenney's translation of the Italian Hymn of Freedom.

D. H.

[Does Mr. Hard understand the phrase "a good watch of its hands?" Moreover, "opinion as to" is queer. Mr. Hard has done more than was "required of" him. Moreover, how can one "undertake" a post? You may overtake a post easily.—A. S. S.]

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEES.—The programme of the last matinée was as follows:—Sonata in D (Op 10, No. 8), Beethoven; "Cheristans" (a dramatic and romantic piece), Aguilar; Evening (Romance), Aguilar, and Il moto continuo, Weber—played by Miss Mina Bouchier, pupil of Mr. Aguilar; Schlummerlied, Schumann; Romanza, Aguilar; Sonata in A minor, Aguilar; Lieder ohne Worte, Mendelssohn, and "The Last Rose of Summer," Thalberg—played by Miss Mina Bouchier; Dream Dance, Aguilar; The Birds at Sunset, Aguilar; Day Dream, Aguilar; March, Aguilar.

MR. CHARLES J. WARNE gave an evening entertainment at the Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood, on Thursday last, assisted by Miss Julia Derby, Messrs. Frank Elmore, Holland (amateur), F. Kingsbury, and the Mendicant Minstrels. The evening passed off exceedingly well, Mr. Warne being highly successful in all his readings. The selection from *The Old Curiosity Shop* was the most attractive. Miss Julia Derby (pupil of Mr. Kingsbury) possesses a fine voice, and sang two songs with great taste. Mr. Frank Elmore sang two of his own compositions, "Airy Fairy Lillan" (which gained the first encore of the evening), and "Farewell, fair Ines," which narrowly escaped the same compliment. The Mendicant Minstrels gave several glees, the most successful being Hatton's "Beware," which was encored. Mr. Kingsbury accompanied in his usual good style. The attendance, though not large, was very select.

THEATRE OF MYSTERY, EGYPTIAN HALL.—Madame Stodare, the widow of the late Colonel Stodare, having determined to carry on the entertainment rendered so popular and fashionable by her husband, has commenced her season most auspiciously. The entertainment is divided into two parts; the first is exclusively performed by Mr. Firbank Burman, a pupil of the late Colonel Stodare, who performs a series of neat jugglery and sleight-of-hand tricks, which please infinitely, and cause great wonder in un instructed minds by their adroitness and quickness. After a short interval Madam Stodare comes forth, and with more than ordinary *clat*, gives, in conjunction with Mr. Firbank Burman, the royal entertainment of "the Marvel of Mecca," "the Sphinx," and the celebrated "Basket trick," in all of which she is warmly applauded. The entertainment is nightly received with marked favour by crowded audiences, and we have little doubt of its becoming as popular under the management of Madame Stodare as it was last year under the Colonel's own direction. From its refined and popular character the Stodarian performance is bound to become a fixed institution in the Metropolis.—BASHI BAZOOK.

SIGNOR AGRETTI'S CONCERT.—Among the earliest concerts of this season we have to mention that given by Signor Agretti, the well-known tenor, in the rooms of Madame Tacani, Academy of Music, 61 Burton Crescent, on Thursday, 15th inst. Signor Agretti was assisted among other artists by Madame Tacani, Signor Boschi, Herr Lehmeier (pianoforte)—who pleased much by his brilliant execution of a *valse* by Chopin—Herr Schubert (violinello), and M. Pague, brother of the celebrated violinello player (cornet). The conductors were Herr Lehmeier and Herr Schubert. The greatest success of the evening was Verdi's quartet, "Un di si ben," sung by Madame Tacani, Madame Soldini, Signor Agretti, and Signor Boschi, which was twice encored.

A SOIRÉE MUSICALE was held recently at Winchester House, for the purpose of bringing before the public a young and talented *debutante*, in the person of Miss Isabelle Grant, pupil of Signors Garcia and Schira. The young lady has a pleasing and pure soprano voice, and sings with great taste and feeling, and seems to have all the elements required to become a singer. Herr Lehmeier was the pianist and accompanist.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON pleased the subscribers so well at the last Liverpool Philharmonic Society's concert that she has been engaged for the next, which takes place on the first of December. Miss Edmonds, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Sims Reeves are also engaged. The vocal portion of the programme is to consist chiefly of English ballads.

WINDSOR.—The first concert of the Royal Glee and Madrigal Union, which took place at the Town Hall, was not so fully attended as was expected, owing to the bad weather. Miss Gabriel's Cantata *Dreamland* was selected for the occasion, and was altogether fairly executed by the members of the Society, assisted by Miss E. Spiller and Mr. Hunt as solo singers. In the second part a selection of madrigals and part songs was well sung and deservedly applauded, especially a part-song by Mr. Bridge (organist of Trinity Church), entitled "When the sun sinks to rest," and Miss Spiller sang Herr Ganz's song "Sing, birdie, sing" with much effect. The National Anthem was given at the conclusion of the concert.

EDINBURGH.—Haydn's *Creation* was performed before a large and fashionable audience on Tuesday night (13th) in the Music Hall. The solo-singers were Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Geo. Perren, and Mr. Weiss. The orchestra was led by M. Sainton. The organ was played by Herr Meyer Lutz; the conductor was Mr. Adam Hamilton. "The marvellous work," "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," were all given by Miss Wynne in very good style, her intonation being unerring. Her duets with Mr. Weiss, "By thee with bliss," "Of stars the fairest," and "Graceful consort," were beautifully sung, and were appreciated, though of course all attempt at applause was suppressed. The song, "Now vanish before the holy beams," was finely sung by Mr. Perren. In such passages, as "With softer beams," in the recitative preceding the chorus, "The Heavens are telling," Mr. Perren sings with delicacy and purity of style; and the song, "In native worth," was given with considerable fire and grace. Mr. Weiss sang in a most earnest and conscientious manner. The songs "Now heaven in fullest glory shone" and "Rolling in foaming billows" were given with great spirit. Of the performances of the chorus we cannot speak in terms of unlimited commendation; but being the first oratorio of the season, we make every allowance for deficiencies. Herr Lutz shewed considerable judgment in the use of the organ in leading the chorus. Mr. Hamilton used every exertion to render the performance as good as possible; and M. Sainton's masterly style of leading an orchestra is too well known to need any comment here.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER.—The great champion of the Music of the Future has been invited by the manager of the Théâtre-Lyrique, Paris, to conduct the forthcoming performance of *Lohengrin*.

THE VICTORIA TOWN ESTATE, LATE THE GOVERNMENT NAVY-YARD, DEAL.—A public meeting was held at the Guildhall on Wednesday night, the Mayor (Alderman Cavell) in the chair, at which a deputation of the Conservative Land Society, consisting of Newnham Winstanley, Esq. (director), and Messrs. C. L. Gruneisen, and J. Wytson, Secretary and Surveyor of the Society, attended to explain the system of allotment of the second portion of the Victoria Estate. It was stated by the Mayor that the Navy Yard and all its buildings had entirely disappeared, and in its place was a splendid esplanade fronting the sea, with lines of new streets laid out, new roads constructed, and a complete system of drainage completed under the joint superintendence of the Town Council and the Society. The Mayor added that Deal was immensely benefited by these works, and that now a great want had been supplied, namely, the securing of sites for the erection of villas and houses, every year visitors being unable to find accommodation in the old town, and such was the increasing demand for hotel accommodation, and lodging and boarding-houses, that the place occupied by the Government works was the only locality with sea-frontages adapted to meet the wants of the town. The sea promenade was one of the finest on the sea-coast, and the Mayor further pointed out the view therefrom that day of nearly 500 ships in the Downs detained by westerly winds, as one of imposing interest and grandeur. After the deputation had explained the Society's system, resolutions of thanks to the Society's deputation, and to the Board of the Conservative Land Society, as well as to the Mayor, were unanimously passed.

CHATHAM.—After an interval of three years, Herr Kappey, the conductor of the band of the Royal Marines Light Infantry, gave a concert in the Lecture-hall, on Wednesday week. On appearing in the orchestra Herr Kappey was greeted with loud cheers. The overture to *Sargina*, by the band of the Royal Marines, was given with excellent effect. At the commencement of the second part the band played a *pot-pourri*, composed by Herr Kappey, on Irish airs, variations for cornet by Messrs. Hall and Ray, clarinet by Mr. Byford, euphonium by Mr. Morgan, trombone by Mr. Greenfield, and flute by Mr. Pearce, all members of the band. Mdles. Emile and Constance Georgi, who appeared in the Lecture-hall for the first time, gave the French duet "L'Amour pauvre," and later in the evening sang Reichardt's duet "Thou art so near, and yet so far," in which their rich and carefully trained voices, blended with beautiful effect. At its close they were rewarded with a hearty and unanimous encore. Mdle. E. Georgi was also encored in Donizetti's "Il Segreto," for which she substituted "The Stirrup Cup." Miss Loisa Van Noorden sang the aria "Il due illustre rivals," and "Belle, merry bells," in both of which she received an encore. The Scotch song, "My heart is sair for somebody," was substituted for "Coming thro' the rye." Mr. Trelawney Cobham, tenor, and Mr. Renwick, bass, also sang. For instrumental music Herr Kappey had secured the services of Mr. Oberthur (harp) and Herr Gollmick (piano); the former giving a selection from *Martha*, including "The last rose of summer," and subsequently introducing the grand duet for the harp and piano, from *Lucresia Borgia*, which was most effectively rendered. Altogether the concert was of a higher order than usually given in this neighbourhood, and Herr Kappey may congratulate himself on a complete success.—*South-Eastern Gazette*.

SIMS REEVES IN LIVERPOOL.—The *Liverpool Mercury* of the 19th inst. thus speaks of Mr. Sims Reeves, *apropos* of his singing at a ballad concert given at the Philharmonic Hall on Saturday, the 17th:—"Of course Mr. Sims Reeves was, as he always is, the chief attraction, and though our musical remembrance of him can go back over a good many years, it is not saying too much that he was never heard to greater advantage or a truer relish than at this concert. His selection of songs was indeed a happy one, and presented features in music widely apart. In 'The Maid of Llangollen' sung with delightful simplicity, the purity and sweetness of his voice were manifested; 'The Message' (a song allied with poetry of the highest order) was rendered with an impassioned utterance which must have thrilled every heart; while in Davy's fine nautical ballad, 'The Bay of Biscay,' his magnificent voice rung out with telling power, especially in the closing stanza, where he reiterates the joyful words, 'A sail' and the parting 'three cheers,' which resounded through the hall with a dramatic power and effect not soon to be forgotten, eliciting a perfect storm of applause at the close. Mr. Reeves was recalled at the conclusion of all his songs, and he graciously repeated the closing verses of the first and third. His last song must have given much real pleasure, and it is gratifying to know that the great tenor when he next appears will repeat a treat of the same kind by singing the famous 'Death of Nelson,' a song in which he has achieved an almost world-wide renown, besides the other well-known nautical ballad, 'Tom Bowling,' 'The Pilgrim of Love,' and the fine Scotch song, 'My love is like a red, red rose.' As a proof of Mr. Sims Reeves's power to attract his hearers it may be stated that on Saturday not a single person rose to leave the hall, as is generally the case on other occasions, till the conclusion of his last song and last on the programme, and very few till he had re-appeared and finished his encore."

SHREWSBURY.—During the past week the theatre has been crowded, and the applause which has nightly been accorded may, we think, be taken as good evidence of the merit of Mr. Rosenthal's Opera and Burlesque Companies. Notwithstanding a prejudice for old favourites we must reiterate what we asserted last week—that Madame Lancia is one of the very best prima donnas (if not the best) that has ever appeared in this town in English Opera. She has a tender and impassioned voice, capable of much dramatic expression. We hope that this will not be her last appearance in Shrewsbury. Miss Blanche Cole is a young and pleasing singer of prepossessing appearance. In such characters as Lady Alcah it would be difficult to point to anyone better than Miss Alessandri; and we may say of Mr. Parkinson that he has a capital tenor voice, and of Mr. Rosenthal that he is an excellent baritone and a good actor. The success achieved is well deserved.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*, 16 Nov.

YORK.—On Wednesday, the 14th, the York Choral Society gave their first concert for the season, in the Concert-room. The selection was taken from *La Sonnambula*. There was a full band and chorus. The vocalists were Mrs. Wood (Miss Sara Dobson), Miss Ada Brooks, Mr. Henry Haigh, and Mr. Dodds; Mr. Hopkinson was conductor, and Mr. Shaw, leader. The first part was accomplished with perfect success; but in the second part a difficulty arose. The people demanded from Mr. Haigh an encore. The rules of the society forbid it, but the audience was determined. The conductor in his difficulty looked round, and seeing the singer willing and the audience determined, he made up his mind, and gave the signal. His leader refused to obey him. Confusion and misunderstanding at once arose, when fortunately the obstinacy of the leader was put aside by the other performers obeying. The result was that Mr. Haigh found himself singing "the air" to the music of quite another part. This brought him to an abrupt stop, and he was compelled to sit down. It is only fair to remark that the coolness of the conductor was the means of getting over the trouble. The leader's obstinacy deserves a censure. Had it not been for the conductor's coolness there would have been an uproar. We hope this little incident will convince the managers of the choral concerns that it is absolutely necessary to abandon the rule which forbids an encore. The people pay the piper, and have a right to choose the time, and particularly in matters of encore the audience is generally in the right. Any singer can discover the difference between the made up or "cooked" encore and the genuine article, therefore it ought to be left a point of discretion. The general and determined demand of the audience was made on Mr. Haigh. He was in good voice and willing to do his best, and it is much to be regretted that a well-merited encore did not meet a better fate. Mrs. Wood sustained her part with sweetness and expression, and had it not been for the little incident mentioned the concert would have received immense applause.—*York Chronicle*.

LEEDS.—The Town Hall Organ Concerts continue to be given with considerable success. The programmes of classical and other music twice a week set before the public, and the manner in which they are performed, entitle them to high praise. As usual on Tuesday afternoons, the Victoria Hall was yesterday thrown open at the customary nominal charge, to give strangers and others an opportunity of hearing the beautiful and melodious instrument "speak its music" in the hands of Dr. Spark. The pieces were selected from Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Benedict. The Tuesday afternoon concerts have now become an institution in connection with the Town Hall, and, in fact, form one of the principal attractions to strangers. The Saturday night "Penny Concerts," uniting vocal music with the organ performances, are emphatically the "People's Concerts." Week after week they draw together an audience averaging nearly 1000 persons. At many of these concerts the performance of the songs, duets, glees, &c., has been of a superior character, notwithstanding that the performers have been selected almost exclusively from choirs attached to places of worship in Leeds and other parts of the West Riding. Perhaps one of the most successful concerts ever given was that which took place on Saturday night last, when the choir of St. George's Church, numbering upwards of twenty vocalists, occupied the orchestra. Their reception, as also that of Dr. Spark on the organ, was enthusiastic. Being calculated to draw people from music saloons of a questionable character in various parts of the town, and to effect that improvement in musical taste which is so desirable, it is hoped that these concerts will obtain increased support from all classes. [It should be explained with reference to the allusion to the "Penny Concerts," that the charges of admission are the same as before, 6d. and 3d.; but a portion of the Hall is allotted to the working classes, who are admitted at the nominal charge of one penny each.]

ZURICH.—At the first Subscription Concert, under the direction of Herr Hegar, Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*, and Cherubini's overture to *Lodoiska* were performed. Joachim played a Concerto by Spohr, a Romance by Beethoven, and a Fantasia by Schumann. It is almost superfluous to add that the audience were in ecstasies with the great violinist.

THE THREE LOUISAS.

(From the "Westminster Review.")

The Three Louisas is decidedly, of its kind, the most sparkling novel we have read for a long time. Mr. Edwards makes no pretensions to high art; his aim is simply to amuse, and he accomplishes his aim. His story is a succession of brilliant scenes; the situations are always amusing, and the conversation epigrammatic. It would, indeed, be easy to find fault, to say that the scenes are too brilliant—for critics will say this when they can find no other fault—to describe the story as all plums without any dough. We can only wish that these faults were of more frequent occurrence in other novels. If, however, any reader should be too much dazzled with the wit and repartee, the remedy may easily be found in a course of Mrs. Wood or Trollope. The really weak part of the story is the plot, and the lucky coincidences that are so constantly happening. Its strong points are its knowledge of the world, and the happy sayings, which the author hits off without seemingly the slightest effort. Thus, to take one or two at random. "Prince Muchtofriski loved his country, but not liking the ways of its rulers, and being unable to change them, lived abroad. 'Die for Poland?' he once said; 'yes, I can understand that; but live there? never!'" (Vol. ii. p. 123.) Again, old Lord Saltern thus soliloquizes:—"I don't object to mothers; they often do more good than harm. A young girl like Louisa trusts entirely to her heart, which does not warm very readily to a man of my age. But the mother, no doubt, thinks she has a head, and we know how easily that may be turned." (Vol. ii. p. 115.) Once more, the schoolmistress, Mrs. Fitz-Henry, thus moralizes upon bells:—"Oh! that's the bell for the girls to go into school. The more bells you ring the better; it gives a notion of order." (Vol. ii. 147.) But each chapter is crammed with good things, and the last volume is crammed with good chapters. The characters are all hit off, too, with a few brilliant strokes. Thus, Miss Rodgers, the good Puritanical old maid of the tale, is described as always "having a large supply of common sense on draught;" and the prodigal Flingsby, as "liking his angels fallen." The minor personages all, too, drawn with equal force, from the stage-manager Turpin, who, though he would have "scorned to mix his wines, could not help now and then confusing his metaphors," down to the leading article writer, O'Fiddle, who, whenever any of his friends died, "had always a tear and a paragraph to give them." All is light and sparkling. We do not remember so brilliant a novel since Mr. Whitty's "Friends in Bohemia." It is, however, but right to repeat, that the style is not high. As we have hinted, the higher requirements of art are all wanting. A great deal more is necessary for a good novel than sparkling dialogue and amusing situations. Mr. Sutherland Edwards doubtless knows this quite as well as we do. He probably, too, knows his own strength, and this is just what the majority of writers do not know. He makes, however, one or two mistakes even when he is on ground where he is strongest. Thus, he brings Louisa into scrapes that border upon farce; the illusion is thus destroyed. Again, he allows the names of his characters to smack too much of the nomenclature of the mere farce-writer. O'Fiddle, Haulingswell, and Muchtofriski, might pass on a Strand play-bill, but are decidedly out of place in a three volume novel. Few novelists are really happy with their names. Thackeray's are the neatest, and Dickens' the vulgarest. George Eliot's belong to the soil from whence she has drawn her scenes. The Poyzers and Dodsons are familiar surnames to all those who know Derbyshire and Warwickshire. So much, then, for some of Mr. Edwards' faults. "The Three Louisas" is, we believe, his first novel; we sincerely trust that it will not be his last. We cannot afford to lose so much humour and wit. In novels also Halévy's words hold good—*Il est plus facile de faire dix andantes passables qu'un bon allegro.*

MR. WRIGHT'S HARP RECITALS.—At the invitation of Gerard Ralston, Esq., Consul-general for Liberia, a company of ladies and gentlemen assembled, on Wednesday afternoon last, at the rooms of the Messrs. Erard, Great Marlborough-street, to listen to the performance of Mr. T. H. Wright on the harp. It was a rare musical olio, and will long be remembered with pleasure by those who were so fortunate as to be present. The harps and pianos of Erard have so long enjoyed their high reputation that it is superfluous to speak in their praise. Few persons are aware how much first-class music can be produced from such harps by such a harpist as Mr. Wright. — *Anglo-American Times*, Nov. 10.

MAYENCE.—The Brothers Thern, from Pesth, recently gave a concert the programme comprising a Concerto for two Pianofortes and a Hungarian Divertissement, written by Professor Thern (the father), and played by the two brothers. Herr Lübeck, the violinist, performed a Concerto by Servais; Schubert's "Ave Maria," and the well-known "Réverie," by Vieuxtemps. Mdlle. Hentz sang an air from *The Creation*, and Herr Fischer-Achten, Beethoven's "Adelaide."

BREMEN.—*L'Africaine* has been produced here and created great enthusiasm.

SALEBURG.—Herr Ludwig Straus, the violinist, has been playing recently here with great success.

PESTH.—It is said that Herr Robert Volkmann is at present engaged on the composition of a grand opera, entitled *Saul*.

BRESLAU.—The programme of the second concert given by the Orchestra-Verein contained a highly interesting Suite in D major (Bach), in which Dr. Damrosch took the violin solo. The second number was Beethoven's Triple Concerto (Op. 56), played by Dr. Damrosch, violin; Herr Seidel, piano; and Herr Grützmacher, violoncello. The second part consisted of the Overture to *Guillaume Tell*; an original Fantasia, performed by Herr Grützmacher; and Mozart's Symphony in G minor.

LEIPZIG.—The works performed at the fourth Gewandhaus Concert were: Symphony, No. 8, Beethoven; "Entr'acte" from *Medea*, Cherubini; "Passacaglia" (C minor), and "Toccata" (F. major), Bach, scored for full band by Esser; Recitative and Aria for soprano, with *obligato* piano, Mozart; Cantata, Stradella; "Siciliana," Handel; and "Pastorelle," Haydn. The vocal pieces were admirably sung by Mdlle. Rudersdorff.—On the 4th inst., was given the first of the series of Soirées for Chamber Music announced by Herren David, Röntgen, Herrman, and Hegar. The programme consisted of Stringed Quartet in G, from Opus 9, Beethoven; Quartet in E minor, from Opus 44, Beethoven; and "Divertissement" in D major, for Stringed Instruments and two Horns, Mozart.—At the second concert of the Euterpe Association, the works selected were Overture to *Leonore*, No. 3, Beethoven; Schumann's C major Symphony; two Duets: "Schönes Mädchen, wirst mich hassen," from *Jessonda*, and "Theures Mädchen, sagte er," from *Templer und Jüdin*, sung by Mdlle. Blaczek and Herr Rebling. Mdlle. Mehlig played Chopin's F minor Concerto; Prelude and Fugue, E minor, Mendelssohn, and "Rhapsodie Hongroise," C sharp major, Franz Liszt.

MUNICH.—The Count von Platen, Intendant under the late government at the Theatre Royal Hanover, has been appointed to the same post at the Theatre Royal here.—Herr Krempelsetzer, conductor at the Actientheater, is engaged on an operetta entitled *Die Geister des Weins*.—The members of the Oratorio Association, under the direction of Herr Rheinberger, are getting up Handel's *Saul*. Rheinberger's Symphony *Wallenstein* will, also, be produced shortly.

SCHWERIN.—*Die Carabiniers*, a comic opera by Herr Gustav Härtel will be produced ere long.

ROSTOCK.—The Brothers Müller gave their first Quartet Soirée lately, when they offered their patrons Quartet in B flat major, Haydn; Chopin's B flat minor, Scherzo; Variations and Finale, from Schubert's D minor Quartet; and Beethoven's Trio, Op. 97.

HAMBURGH.—Mdlle. Artôt and Mr. Adams have been singing here with great success.

BREMEN.—Herr Rheinthal's oratorio of *Jephtha* is to be performed in a short time.

DRESDEN.—Mdlle. Marie Krebs is enjoying a short period of repose after her exertions in London.

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